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and most graceful efforts; it is refined and tender in sentiment, and is simply and effectively harmonized. We can commend it as equally suited to the concert-room or the drawing-room.

Susan's Story. Ballad by Claribel. C. H. Ditson & Co., N. Y.

Claribel, by a combination of simplicity and earnestness, assisted always by a lyric that tells a story, has touched the public heart both here and in England. She writes in the true old fashioned ballad style, the easy flow of the melody being the first consideration; the accompaniments are often thin and bad in harmony, and are unnecessarily subordinate to the melody. Some of Claribel's songs have the readily recognized ring of originality, and have justly won a wide spread popularity. *Susan's Story*, though certainly pretty, is not one of her happiest efforts. The melody is strained, poor in accent, and possesses no positive individuality. Still, the story is well told, and the music has a certain amount of sentiment, which will insure it a wide circulation.

Motette, from Psalm LXXXVI. — "*Bow down thine ear, O Lord!*" By John P. Morgan. S. Brainerd & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. J. P. Morgan published this Motette when he was President of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, but he is now, we believe, a resident of this city. He is a skillful and sterling organist, and is, as this composition will prove, an excellent and conscientious musician. This Motette is divided into three movements, and closes with a Fugue. The first movement is an *andante*, in C minor, of a grave, imploring character, in which the bass voice leads off, followed by the other voices in excellent counterpoint. It is finely harmonized, the suspensions aiding the effect, sustaining the sentiment and enriching the harmony. The second movement in A flat, "*Give ear, O Lord,*" is for a male quartette, and for a mixed choir. It is not strictly in eight parts, for the two quartettes have simply alternate answering phrases. The effect of this arrangement is both solemn and beautiful, the answering of the female voices at a higher pitch, has a lifting effect which is very telling. This movement is good in conception, and rich in harmony; the subject is gravely melodious, and the well worked up *crescendo*, towards its close, is very effective.

The third movement, *Allegro Maestoso* in E flat, presents a bold, bright subject, which is strengthened by vigorous counterpoint, and a just, emphatic treatment of the words. The reproduction of the third subject in C major, through a group of chromatic transitions from B minor, is effected without any effort, and is very effective by contrast with the clear, bold subject it introduces. The movement with which the Motette concludes is a clear, bold Fugue on the Tonic, which, in keeping with the character of the work, is ably and effectively treated, and the long suspensions at the close, afford a sufficient check to the natural impetus of the movement to present a grand and imposing ending.

It is a work of very high merit, showing knowledge and invention, and a familiar acquaintance with the art of voicing. We are much impressed with its beauties and its excellence, and we shall be glad to know more of Mr. John P. Morgan's writings, for from this example, we are satisfied that there is superior merit, which we should be glad

to recognize. The Motette is dedicated to Otis B. Boise, Esq.

"*Darling, Slumber on.*" Poetry by Arthur Matthison. Music by William K. Bassford, op. 42.

This is a full-grown "*Slumber Song*," that is, it is addressed to a lovely maiden, and not to an infant in arms. It is a vocal gem; flowing, graceful and tender in melody, and rich in its distribution of harmony. It breathes a beautiful sentiment throughout, and that refinement of thought which distinguishes all Mr. Bassford's compositions. Its construction is excellent; its passing modulations are achieved without destroying the sweet simplicity of the movement, and the introduction of the subject in the accompaniment towards the close—the voice taking the contrary motion—is both artistic and effective. It is altogether a charming song, and should meet with a large circulation. The poem is also very pleasing. It is dedicated to that talented young artist, Miss Kate McDonald.

ART MATTERS.

"How are we to reform the National Academy?" is a question which just at present agitates many an artistic breast, and is the cause of much heart-burning and bitter re-creation. That the Academy is, to a great extent, badly managed is a fact that few, with the exception perhaps of those in the "ring," will deny; but that it is as badly managed as many of the disaffected ones would make out cannot, I think, be clearly proven upon a closer scrutiny of the affairs of the institution.

In the first place, the National Academy is supposed, principally through its Fellowship Fund, to be possessed of great wealth. This it is not. The Fund is a large, a magnificent one, but the Academy can but use its yearly income, which barely covers the current expenses of the institution—in fact does not cover them, for the receipts of the annual exhibition have to be employed to make up the deficit; these receipts, at present, do not average \$25 a day. In this state of affairs it is manifestly impossible to maintain the art schools with that degree of liberality which they otherwise would be. At present there are no permanent instructors, a fact which has called forth a vast deal of abuse from the daily journals. But are the writers of these articles thoroughly conversant with the pecuniary affairs of the institution? Evidently not; for had they been so these firebrands would not have been thrown into the art world; unless, indeed, they are hurled by the hand of malice, rather than wisdom, good feeling, and a desire for the advancement of American art. As it is, many of the artists spend a great portion of their time at the schools giving gratuitous advice and instruction, but it is not to be expected of them, and no reasoning person has any right to expect, that they will devote *all* their time

to this one object; in this work-a-day, every-one-for-himself world, artists must struggle and strive with the rest of mankind for their daily bread; the majority of them are by no means heavily laden with this world's goods, and no one has a right to demand that they should sacrifice their time and labor to art instruction to the detriment of their own pecuniary prospects. The time of an artist is as valuable to him, even from the lowest stand-point—money, as is that of the mechanic, and surely much more so to the educated and enlightened portion of the community whom he leads forth into an artificial world of poetry and beauty, bringing man into closer communication with God and Nature by the imagery of his mind and the skill of his hand.

The Academy furnishes spacious, well-lighted rooms, and valuable models. Surely, then, the student, if he have the feeling of art in him, will be inspired by these noble counterparts of the grand old masters to do good things. Instructors may be necessary to point out to him the technical difficulties. These instructors he has. Gentlemen who sacrifice their own time for his benefit, and receive in return—thanks? No; abuse. There is no *regular* instructor. Here is a fine chance for the newspapers to twaddle. They twaddle. For shame! Gentlemen editors; Heaven knows art needs all the encouragement it can get in this country, and the National Academy, its acknowledged representative, should be treated kindly instead of having the venomous shafts of unjust criticism hurled against its walls with malevolent virulence.

Of the management of the annual exhibitions more can be justly said in the way of censure. There are, unquestionably, glaring cases of injustice and favoritism. But, after all, these are not confined to our National Academy; from England, France, in short, the whole art world, we hear the same complaints. Good pictures "*in the skies*," bad ones on "*the line*." From France we hear these mutterings to a less degree; as there the sensible plan of a "*government hanging committee*," explained at length in these columns some time since, is in vogue and gives general satisfaction;—or, rather, *was*; for the artists have found that their pictures are safest in the hands of their brother artists;—and even were they discontented, there is still the recourse of the second "*hanging committee*" of amateurs, directed by a professional. Why not adopt this plan here? It is eminently democratic, and must perforce, silence the voice of discontent. Let the coming Fall exhibition witness its inauguration, and my word for it, gentlemen of the Council, you will hear less grumbling and see far better exhibitions.

The present exhibition is fertile in cases of

injustice. Take, for instance, the case of the Vice-President of the Academy, who exhibits four different pictures, every one of which is hung upon the "line," in many cases to the exclusion of meritorious works. The President's large landscape by no means deserves the prominent position it occupies upon the Academy walls, if any at all. Mr. Hicks' "Dr. Kane" could with advantage change places with Mr. Powell's "McClellan." Many more instances are there, but it is needless to recapitulate them here; they have been often and bitterly enough commented upon already. Let us, then, let them rest and hope for better things in the future.

"Do we not want stronger men in the Council?" "Ay, there's the rub." You do want stronger men, gentlemen, and have but to look carefully among your ranks to find them. Some there are in the Council of the present year: Whittredge, Johnson, Rogers, Elliot, Colman, and McEntee, but these are but a handful of wheat amidst a bushel of chaff. The remedy is in your own hands; such of you as have a vote in the management of the Academy; with you rests the power, the duty, to oust the machines of routine and put in their places strong, vigorous, energetic men. If this is not done, with you rests the fault, the ignominy. With you the blame; upon your heads must fall the storm of indignation, not upon those of the Council, who, having got their places, will stick to them. The eyes of the American art world is upon you; look to it you do your duty! Unflinching, unhesitatingly, casting aside all feeling of personal friendship, and working only for the lasting good and honor of art!

The present exhibition closes on the Fourth of the next month. The Academy doors are to open again in the Fall. To what shall they open? The continuance of the old system, or the beginning of a new era? An era which shall have for its watchword, "Art, Justice, Energy and Perseverance." Make your choice, members of the National Academy. Two paths lie before you; one wide, open, easy, and leading to obloquy and disgrace. The other narrow, tortuous, difficult, and leading to honor and fame. Make your choice, and according to that choice shall you be judged in after-time by the world of art that is to come!

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The historical case of Miss Flora McFlimsey, who had "nothing to wear," sinks into utter insignificance by the side of that of the critic just at present who has "nothing to write about." Seldom has there been such an utter dearth of novelty in the theatrical market.

This is the attractive programme of the last week.

At the French Theatre, the Arabs tumble.

At Wallack's, Daniel Bryant dances.

At the New York Theatre, the Worrell Sisters do ditto.

At the Olympic, "Treasure Trove" is turned up for the last time this evening.

At the Broadway Theatre, Miss Lucille Western has been delighting the great unwashed by her, to say the least, vigorous personation of Nancy Sykes, in that most revolting of all plays, "Oliver Twist."

Meantime patriotic young America is investing its spare coppers in those inventions of the evil one, fire crackers and torpedoes; to say nothing of pistols, cannons, and gunpowder. Truly the Fourth of July is a fine day for patriotic young America, it may blow off its fingers, and possibly by some lucky chance kill itself; but then these are but harmless amusements and should be encouraged by all right-minded and patriotic heads of families.

SHUGGE.

(From the London Musical World.)

THOUGHTS AND SPECULATIONS,

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

AND NOW a few words on something nobler—a thing to bring a man into tune again with faith, and hope, and love of his kind—under the shadow of which; the weary soul may rest as under a palm-grove, and see the glowing landscape spread at his feet; I mean the St. Paul of Mendelssohn, a work of the greatest purity, the offspring of peace and love. It would be a mistake, besides being unfair to the composer, to compare it, even remotely; to the oratorios of Handel or Bach. They are alike just as much as all kinds of sacred music, all churches, all pictures of the Madonna are alike; but Bach and Handel had reached maturity when they began to write, whereas Mendelssohn was still a mere youth. The work of the young artist whose imagination is overflowing with graceful images, and to whom life and the future are still full of charm, cannot fairly be compared with a work of an earlier and severer period, by one of those divine masters who, from their seats among the stars, looked back over a long and hallowed life.

I have already spoken at length of the general treatment of the subject, of the adoption of the *choral* from the old oratorios, of the distribution of the choruses and solos among the actors and spectators, and of the characters of the several personages. It has been rightly remarked that the chief drawbacks to the general effect of the work are to be found in the first half; that the subordinate part of St. Stephen, if not absolutely throwing St. Paul into the background, diminishes his importance; that Saul is presented more in the character of a convert than of a converter; also that the oratorio is too long and might with advantage be divided into two. A most inviting subject for the critics is the poetical manner in which the appearances of our Lord are treated (by a chorus of trebles and altos); but surely such speculations only spoil the idea, while it would be impossible to wound the com-

poser's feelings more easily than in this, one of his most beautiful inspirations. To my mind nothing can be more appropriate than to present God as speaking with many voices, and revealing His will through a choir of angels; just as in painting, His presence is indicated more poetically by cherubs hovering in the upper part of the picture than by the representation of an old man, or by the so-called sign of the Trinity, &c. Where the reality is unattainable, it is surely allowable to use the most beautiful symbol within reach. It has also been objected that some of the chorales in *St. Paul* lose their simple character by the ornaments with which Mendelssohn has adorned them. As if chorales were not just as well adapted to express joy and confidence as earnest supplication! as if there were not every difference between such a *choral* as "Sleepers, wake," and such another as "In deep distress;" or as if a work of art had no purpose to fulfil beyond those of a parish choir! Then, again, people wanted to make out that *St. Paul* was not even a "Protestant Oratorio," but only a "Concert Oratorio," which suggested to some wag the happy middle course of calling it "a Protestant-concert-Oratorio."

It is always possible to make objections, and even plausible ones, and the industry of the critics deserves every respect. But granting all that can be said, how much there is in the oratorio with which the most capricious can find no fault! Besides its ruling spirit, the deeply religious feeling which pervades it, consider the masterly way in which, from a musical point of view, every situation is brought out, the uninterrupted flow of noble melody, the intimate connection of words and sounds, speech and music, so that the whole thing seems actually embodied before you; think of the grace which it breathes throughout, the admirable grouping of the characters, the endless variety of colour in the instrumentation; realize its perfectly mature style, and playful mastery over all forms of composition, and then say if there is any cause to be discontented.

I have only one thing to add. The music of *St. Paul* is, on the average, so easy to understand, so popular and so effective, that it almost seems as if the main idea of its composer throughout had been to interest the public. Now, noble as this aim undoubtedly is, it may, if indulged in, rob his future compositions of that power and inspiration which is found in the works of those who, regardless of either aim or limits, gave themselves up singly to their great subject. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that Beethoven wrote a *Mount of Olives* as well as a *Missa Solennis*; and bearing this in mind, we may well believe that as Mendelssohn the youth has written a fine oratorio, Mendelssohn the man will write another that shall be still nobler.* Till then let us be content with what we have, and profit from it, and enjoy it.

A PANTOMIME IN FLORENCE.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD ascribes the decline of the public interest in the contemporary drama to the comparative tameness of its characters and plots, when viewed by the side of the real actors and events in the political life of the present day. If it be true that the grand events of his national story only quickened an Athenian's relish for *The*

* A prophecy since fulfilled in the *Layan*.